

WON ON A BLUFF.

The Way One Prosperous Merchant Got His Start In Business.

There is a prosperous merchant in Chicago today who owes his success to his donation of a \$5,000 organ to a church at a time when he didn't have money enough to buy a hand organ. This donation was a case of bluff pure and simple, but the bluff worked and resulted in the subsequent wealth of the lucky bluffer.

John Smith was seeking capital to start in business for himself, but as he had no security worth speaking of he could not borrow the money he needed.

could not borrow the money he needed. When he had tried every person he could think of who would be likely to have the necessary cash and the inclination to lend it and had been turned down, he conceived the idea of presenting his church with an organ.

Young Napoleon John Smith therefore ordered his organ and allowed the future to look out for itself. The manufacturers of the organ never thought of questioning the financial standing of the philanthropist who was handing out \$5,000 organs and agreed to have the instrument set up in the church on time.

Of course J. Smith was not a bud that was born to blush unseen, nor did he hide his beneficence under a bushel. He managed to bring in at least the flute stops no matter what the subject of conversation. Not only did the young Napoleon advertise himself by means of the church organ, but the pleased minister and the equally pleased congregation spread the news of his gift.

During this time John did not allow any alfalfa to grow under his feet. On the pretense of consulting some wealthy member of the congregation about some minor details of the organ he would drop into an office and before he left casually would mention the subject of the company that he was forming. Most of the men that he thus saw thought that it would be a good thing to be associated with a man who was making so much money that he was able to hand out \$5,000 without missing it, so that all were anxious to take stock in J. Smith's company.

Long before the time came for the first payment on the organ Smith had gathered enough money to start his business and was doing so well he had no difficulty in borrowing the amount needed to make the payment. From that time he has made money so fast that now he could give away several \$5,000 organs and pay for them as well.—Chicago Tribune.

MEXICAN POLITENESS.

In the State of Michoacan Chivalry is Compulsory.

"If any man opines that the days of chivalry and the true knight errant spirit have gone forever, let him start forthwith on a far southward journey, not halt his steps until he brings up in the town of Morelia, which is the capital of the Mexican state of Michoacan," remarked a traveling man.

"Having arrived in Morelia, he will at once see that the chivalrous spirit still survives. I was down there not long ago, and the gallantry of the men and their extreme readiness to extend courtesies to the fair sex pleased and surprised me. When I noticed the alacrity with which the native males jumped up on the crowded street car to offer their seats to the first señorita that entered, I thought to myself how much more gentlemanly are those Mexicans than many of my own countrymen. They do not wait to see if some other man is going to get up, but each tries to beat the other in courteously proffering his seat to the lady.

"I spoke about the matter to the proprietor of the hotel and immediately he began to laugh."

"You must understand, señor," said the innkeeper, "that the governor of our state issued a decree that if any man keep his seat in a street car, thereby compelling a woman to stand, he is liable to arrest and a fine. The police have been instructed to execute this order severely, and I think this has much to do with the prompt politeness of which you speak, since none of our population wishes to become involved with the police and to be publicly branded as lacking in gentility."

The philanthropic lady was visiting a Glasgow slum and had just been ushered into a house where the good wife was engaged washing. Her endeavor was to elevate the minds of the poor, and she asked "Have you read

poor, and she asked, "Have you read Burns?"

In answer the good wife bared her bewray arm and displayed a large red mark, saying: "There's wan I got this morn wi' the steam o' the pot blinin'

Not Very Consoling.
Humorist—The editor makes fun of my jokes. Spenser—Well, I don't see that you have any kick coming. That's

more than you are able to do.—Chicago News.